

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name  
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?  
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine  
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

*A march a  
farre off.*

*Enter Osrick.*

*Osr.* Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,  
Th' embassadours of England giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,  
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,  
But I do prophesie the election lights  
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,  
So tell him with th' occurants more and lesse  
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

*Hra.* Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,  
And flight of Angels sing thee to thy rest,  
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

*Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*Fortin.* Where is this sight?

*Hora.* What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*Fortin.* This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death  
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot  
So bloudily hast strooke?

*Embas.* The sight is dismall  
And our affaires from England come too late,  
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,  
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,  
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,  
Where should wee haue our thanks?

*Hora.* Not from his mouth  
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;  
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;  
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

*Prince of Denmarke.*

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from England  
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let mee speake, to th' yet vnknowing world  
How these things came about; so shall you heare  
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.  
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,  
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,  
Falne on the inuenters heads: all this can I  
Truely deliuer.

*Fort.* Let vs haft to heare it,  
And call the noblest to the audience,  
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,  
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,  
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

*Hora.* Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,  
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,  
But let this same be presently perform'd  
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance  
On plots and errors happen.

*Fort.* Let foure Captaines  
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,  
For he was likely, had he beene put on,  
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,  
The souldiers musique and the right of warre  
Speake loudly for him:  
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,  
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.  
Goe bid the souldiers shoot.

*exennt.*

FINIS.

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